



CHOOSING HER PROFESSION

MURAD

Every-where
Why?

MURAD
TURKISH
CIGARETTES

FIFTEEN
CENTS

The
Turkish Cigarette

Anatolians
Makers of the
Highest Grade
Turkish and
Egyptian
Cigarettes
in the World

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Picture Shows the 1916 HUDSON—Out Now

More Reasons for 1916 Hudson

To all the HUDSON attractions we now add these:

Yacht-Line Body
Ever-Lustre Finish
A Roomier Tonneau
More Luxury
A \$1350 Price

That price means another \$200 reduction, the second in twenty months. Both have resulted from multiplied output, due to the car's popularity. Now at \$1350 we are swinging open in the widest way the gates to HUDSON class.

Some Other Things You've Wanted

We do not, and we cannot, offer you a better chassis. Nobody wants or expects it. Howard E. Coffin did his best in designing this. Our engineering corps has done its best in refining it. This final Six embodies all that seems to us desirable.

In twenty months, 15,000 men have bought this new-type HUDSON. They've applied every possible test. And not one, we believe, has ever seen, or wants to see, a better car than this.

But there are things you do want, which all cars lacked, and we've brought them out this year.

Yacht-Line Body

This is the fruition of all aims since foredoors were inserted. Then came straight lines, then streamlines, but all those lines were broken. In this Yacht-Line Body we reach perfection in graceful, sweeping lines. Even the door lines are unbroken. The body and door tops form a level line, and that line is *leather-bound*.

We have widened the rear seat so three big folks don't crowd it.

We have built a roomier tonneau. And the room is doubled when only five are riding. The two extra seats completely disappear.

We upholster with enameled leather this year, the costly finish of the high-priced car. Thus we bring you all the comfort, all the luxury it is possible to give. For safety's sake, and for extra wear, all wheels have non-skid tires.

Finish That Stays New

And now we bring out a much-wanted innovation—our Ever-Lustre finish, ex-

clusive to HUDSON cars. It has required an immense factory addition, equipped with ovens to hold hundreds of bodies.

Now each under-coat of finish goes on under pressure, is forced into every pore. Then each is baked on to give it wondrous hardness. The result is a finish which keeps its newness and lustre. It resists weather and washing, rubbing and mud. It combats as never before the main cause of depreciation.

A Trebled Output

But our best announcement is a trebled output. There will be overdemand for a while now, as with every new-model HUDSON. But the long waits of last year will not be repeated. And men who want HUDSONS will not be forced to take some second choice.

We are building of this new model 100 cars daily—a record fine-car output. You can get one—perhaps at once—if you see your dealer now. These new cars are now everywhere on show.

7-Passenger Phaeton or 3-Passenger Roadster, \$1350, f. o. b. Detroit

Also a new Cabriolet, \$1650 f. o. b. Detroit

Each HUDSON car brings with it the matchless HUDSON service. Ask our dealer to explain it. You will see how much it means.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan



Why Not Lay Down
the Law?



"Here's to Watchful War!"

Not a
Bad
Idea



"Buy More Warships"

Are You Strictly
Neutral?

Life



Just for Practice

will issue a strictly
Neutral Number a
little later. It is
coming in the early
fall. At present we
are issuing no special
numbers because this
is the gladsome
summer time, when
the light touch pre-
vails.



"Now, Woodrow,
Let's End That
Trouble in Europe"



LISTEN
TO
TEDDY

"Never!"

We Have Our Way

No atrocious commercial coupon here this week to blot the fair fame of this inimitable advertising page. If you want to become a regular subscriber to LIFE we are not going to give you any sordid information. You must remember for yourself what the price is and what are the terms of our remarkable special offer.

FISK

NON-SKID

WITH
FISK
SERVICE

Buy Fisk And Get Safety, Service, Satisfaction!

WHEN you equip with Fisk Non-Skid Tires, *you have bought right!* You have bought one of the biggest values ever known; you have bought Safety, Service, and Satisfaction; you have bought the best tire we have ever made.

Fisk Low Prices represent a new and wonderful standard. They enable every motorist to secure this popular and time-tested Non-Skid at a price actually lower than charged for many plain tread tires of other standard makes.

Compare these Fisk Non-Skid Low Prices With the Cost of Other Standard Treads—Non-Skid and Plain

3½ x 30 - 12.20

4 x 33 - 20.00

4 x 34 - 20.35

4½ x 34 - 27.30

4½ x 36 - 28.70

5 x 37 - 33.90

Fisk Low Prices offer car owners an absolutely sure way to cut down tire expense. Whether you have a large or small car, the Fisk Non-Skid is the *sane* tire choice.

FISK SERVICE is conducted in the interest of all car owners. It extends to motorists the best the world affords in the way of skill, equipment and the personal interest of a thousand trained Fisk Branch employees and many thousands of selected dealers.

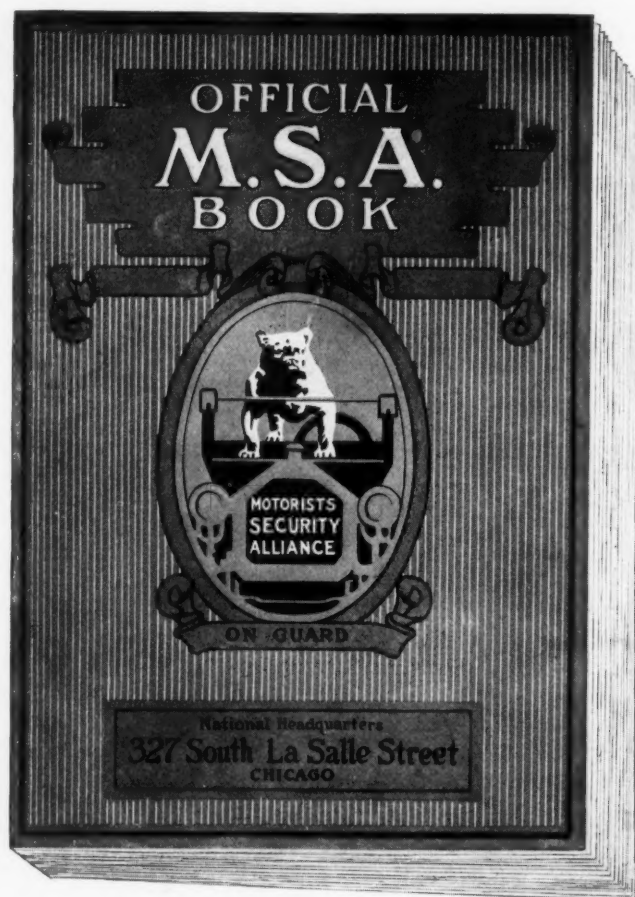


THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in ALL Principal Cities



FREE

to every
Automobile
Owner

The Story of the Little Red Bull-dog

Send Your Name and Address on
the Coupon Below

Write today for a copy of the Official Book of the Motorists Security Alliance. Join hands with the national organization whose protection and service is bettering conditions for motor owners everywhere. Learn how the Little Red Bull-dog and protection plate of the M. S. A. on your car will benefit *you*—how it protects you from theft, extortion and fraud—how it comes to your aid in emergencies—how it works for your interests in pushing the good work for good roads, fair legislation, etc.

MOTORISTS SECURITY ALLIANCE

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

A Few of the Benefits

Prevention of Theft.
Emergency Certificate of Identification for Credit.
Best Legal Service Obtainable.
Best Medical Attendance.
25% Saving on Insurance Covering Automobile Risks.
Protection Plates for Your Car.
Official Routes and Touring Suggestions.
Prevention of Extortion.

Protection against the "Crime Syndicates" that are making a *business* of stealing and disposing of automobiles and accessories is just one of the many benefits which the Motorists Security Alliance extends to its thousands of members. There are four departments, viz: Protection, Purchasing, Legal and Insurance, whose services are freely at the disposal of each member.

By purchasing their supplies through one channel, our members secure a very substantial saving. Everything from spark plugs to bodies can be secured through the M. S. A. at special prices. The saving on insurance premiums alone amounts to more than cost of membership. Our official attorneys throughout the country give legal advice on matters growing out of the ownership or operation of automobiles.

Send for the official M. S. A. Book which gives a complete synopsis of the plan of operation, with interesting details on every phase of its activities. Learn what big things the M. S. A. is doing in behalf of its rapidly growing membership.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED

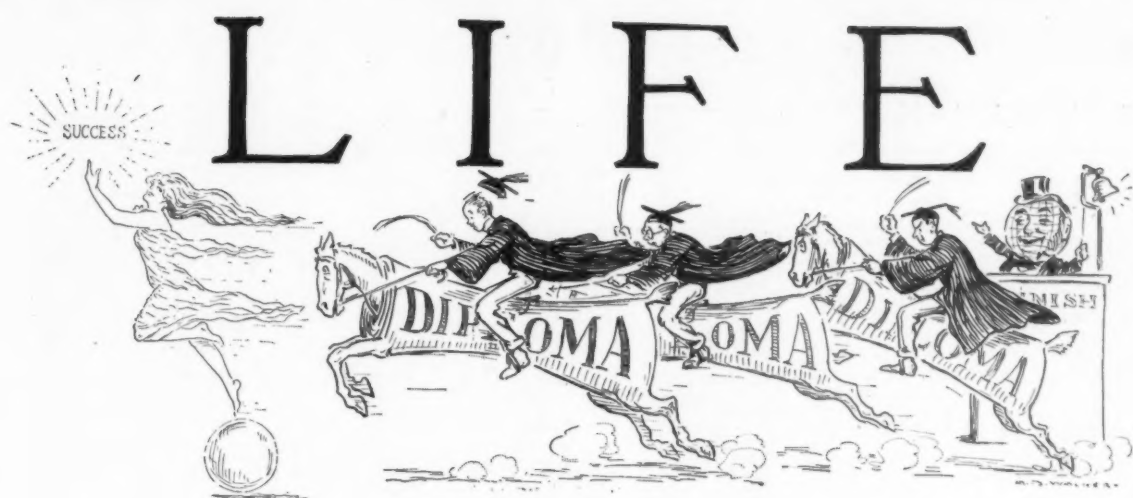
We have a very attractive proposition for men qualified to represent the M. S. A. If interested, ask for details. Every representative must be a motor owner and a member of the M. S. A.

J. LESTER WILLIAMS, Secretary

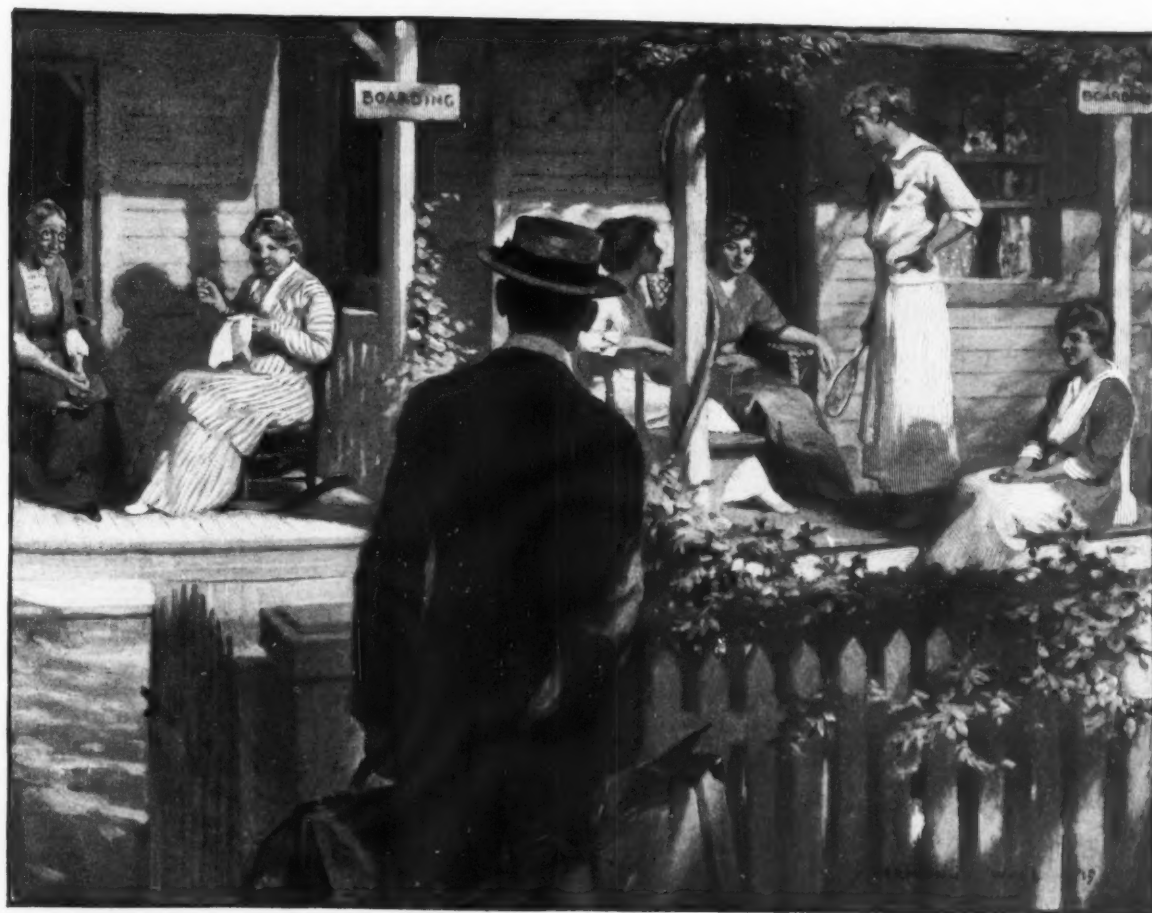
MOTORISTS SECURITY ALLIANCE

National Headquarters, Dept. 65
327 S. La Salle St. Chicago

MOTORISTS: TEAR OFF AND MAIL FOR FREE BOOK
J. Lester Williams, Sec'y Motorists Security Alliance,
Dept. 65, 327 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the official "M. S. A. Book."
Name _____ I own a
Address _____ car. Year model 19__



"THEY'RE OFF"



PROBLEM
WHERE TO BOARD

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1914, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$150,987.58 and has given a fortnight in the country to 36,767 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$1,226.14
E. F. T.	1.00
"Hill City"	5.71
John D. Archbold	25.00
Renée de P. du Pont	15.00
T. W. C.	10.00
Mildred and Lydia Green	20.00
"Mrs. G. M. M."	5.00
Mrs. J. Bulkley	50.00
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ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

From Mrs. W. S. Rodie and Miss Elizabeth Schneider, South Orange, N. J.:

Twelve combination suits.
Three rolls of ribbon.
Twelve pairs stockings.
Fifteen pairs shoes and slippers.
Twelve pairs rompers.
Twelve girls' undergarments.
Twenty-two dresses.
Twelve nightdresses.
Twelve pairs boys' pants.
Twelve boys' waists.
One shirtwaist.
Two bathing-suits.



AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM
DOWN BY THE BROOK

What Is Home Without Papa and Mamma?

There is actually nothing to do in the average well-to-do home which is capable of arousing the interest of a young woman of average intelligence.—*Mary Austin, in the New York World.*

ISN'T there as much as there ever has been?

Mrs. Austin, an extremely intelligent woman herself, is writing about cabaret life and pointing out its dangers to young people. She seems to feel that the home ought to be a kind of antidote for outside temptations.

We doubt whether this can ever be. The home is no rival of the Great White Way. Home is not crowded with popular amusements. But it never was. It is a shelter. Home is, or ought to be, a kind of moral incubator.

Mrs. Austin implies that because young women are not sufficiently interested in their own homes they go elsewhere. The great point, after all, is that when they do go elsewhere, they don't seem to have taken on

enough ballast at home to enable them to weather the storms. Home, nowadays, doesn't seem to fit young people sufficiently for life. Either there are fewer homes or they are not of the right sort.

Home has one big advantage. It gets the young people first. The home ought to be able to say:

"Now, girls, I have had you ever since you were born. When I get through with you, you can go anywhere with safety. My principles will work inside of you like a gyroscope."

But homes, like every other good thing, require constant attention. If father and mother are not both on the job continuously, the power of the home sags as a training place for youth. Papa is working overtime trying to supply the family with luxuries they do not need. Mamma is buying those luxuries because she is competing with others who are doing the same. Are papa and mamma guilty of neglecting the home? We haven't any reliable statistics on the subject, but we guess they are.



POPULAR CONCEPTIONS
HOME LIFE OF A PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST

The Control of Births

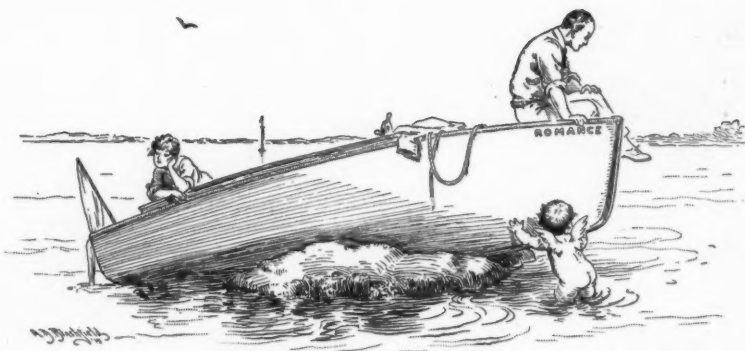
IT is likely that the law that prohibits diffusion of information about control of birth was passed at a time when life was regarded more nearly as an unmixed blessing than it has been, even in this lauded country, for at least a generation past.

It does not seem to be, as it stands, an altogether wise statute. No law that prohibits the diffusion of knowledge is likely to be altogether satisfactory, and though a distinction may be made between legitimate and illegitimate knowledge, there will always be differences of opinion as to who is competent to make the classification. The effect of a legal prohibition of the imparting of knowledge about the control of births seems to be that the secret—if there is one—is kept from those whom it might benefit, but remains no secret to those who can best afford not to know it.

Why statutory pains should be taken to involve in paternity or maternity persons who do not wish to incur that relation is indeed a dark mystery. Children are more desired and more valued than anything else on earth. Almost all married people want them, and they usually want as many as they think they can provide for. They are liable to cheat themselves out of blessings by a defect of confidence in their ability as providers, but no law is going to have much effect on that.

The provision of population is not at all a pressing problem in this world at this time. On the contrary, the thing that worries folks is how to provide for the people that are here already and keep them in order. The vast distresses from which the world is just now suffering seem to proceed directly from over-population in a single nation.

Do we really need a law to prevent control of births? A decent reticence in the public discussion of these matters may possibly be helped by statute, if it cannot safely be left to taste. If we let the people who have confidence in life, and like it, and have found out how to live, have the children that they want, and let the people who have lost confidence in life abstain from having children if they prefer,



Cupid: WE CAN GET OVER THIS IF YOU'LL LEND A HAND

that seems a human and natural way of letting the unfit die out.

If more children are needed it is always possible to get them by letting down the bars, easing up on compulsory education and permitting child labor. When children can be made profitable to their parents, poor parents will have plenty of them; when they are an expense to their parents, poor parents will have few. That will happen with very little regard to what may be in the statute-book about diffusing information in restraint of births. The present law on that subject in this State seems to be chiefly important as a convenient means of persecution.

There Really Is Such a Person

Owen Wister, in an article on "Quack-novels and Democracy", which opens the June *Atlantic*, describes the type of book manufactured by Harold Bell Wright and other popular authors.—*Newspaper*.

YES; and it is an amusing and instructive piece.

It seems, moreover, that Harold Bell Wright is a real person, and actually writes books. His name is to be found in publishers' lists.

Two Views

SAID Mr. Taft, in humble mood: "I here present my attitude; I think we should in our intent stand by our worthy President."

Said Colonel Roosevelt: "To sit right tight I can't. I'll throw a fit! For war I pant, and all the blood and iron extant!"

Editors

Nowadays, in editorial offices, it is not, in the wise old way, "Let us get as good a story as possible from Rudyard Kipling", but "Let us buy a Kipling story"—as one would say, "Let us buy a yard of ribbon". We do not desire so much the heart of a writer as his outward seeming. We want names, not stories.

—From an article in *The Bookman*.

NO doubt there is something wrong with editors, but is this it?

We do not feel ourselves so competent or so cock-sure in our own opinion about editors as the writer of the extract quoted appears to be. Maybe he is an editor himself and thinks he knows about the rest of his tribe. Maybe he is a German spy and is trying to make us lose confidence in our editors. If he is, he is as much at sea about us as most Germans are. We haven't too much confidence in our editors, anyway.

Everybody abuses editors. That is one of the American privileges. Editors expect it more or less. Some of them thrive on it. To be told that they want names, not stories, is like throwing a cabbage at an actor. It has been done so much before that there isn't much fun in it.

Why doesn't somebody invent some new and interesting abuse for editors? No doubt they are entitled to it.

THE more useless knowledge a boy acquires in college the less is he fitted for useful work after he comes out of college.



"GO IT, DAD; I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU"

Prosperity and Patriotism

AN excellent way of showing your patriotism is by not being too inquisitive about the country's prosperity. If some reliable newspaper says the country is prosperous, let that suffice.

Do not attempt to find out how the fact is determined, nor be annoyed if you do not seem to be getting your proper share of the said prosperity. It is your duty to subordinate yourself to the welfare of the country. Even though every individual man, woman and child were starving to death, it would be the part of true patriots to be unselfish and uncomplaining so long as the country itself still had a good rating in Bradstreet's. Then, too, how can the country possibly be prosperous if too many people try to share it? On the other hand, if the country

be not prosperous, the patriotic thing to do is to lose every cent if necessary in order to bring it back to a state of affluence.



How to Rescue a Young Girl

THIS is the season for rescuing beautiful girls from the water. In order that it may be efficiently done, the following suggestions will be found of service:

After selecting the most beautiful girl in the hotel, call on her a few days beforehand and notify her that you intend to rescue her. This will give her time to make necessary arrangements, and, when photographed after the rescue, to have on her nearly lifeless and dripping form the right kind of clothes. See her father also and make all the necessary arrangements with him to be taken into the firm, the furnishing of the cottage after the wedding trip, etc.

One final word: Do not select a girl who swims too well. Just at the moment when you have reached her and are feeling a trifle spent yourself, it would be extremely awkward to have her turn about and rescue you. If you married her then you might end your days as a suffragette.

A FRIEND is one who overlooks your virtues and appreciates your faults.



"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."



A Declaration of Domestic Independence



WHEN, in the course of domestic events, it becomes necessary for one of a pair of parents to dissolve the hymeneal bands which have connected them with each other and to assume among the widows, widowers, spinsters and bachelors of the earth that separate and isolated state to

which the laws of nature and of nature's god are so abhorrent, a decent respect for the sensation-mongering newspapers requires them to spare no slightest salacious detail of the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all husbands and wives are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable frailties, among which are strife, quibbling and incompatibility of temperament, and that when a union possesses an overburdening amount of these it is to the interest of everybody concerned to alter or abolish it in favor of a condition more conducive to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Auto Distance

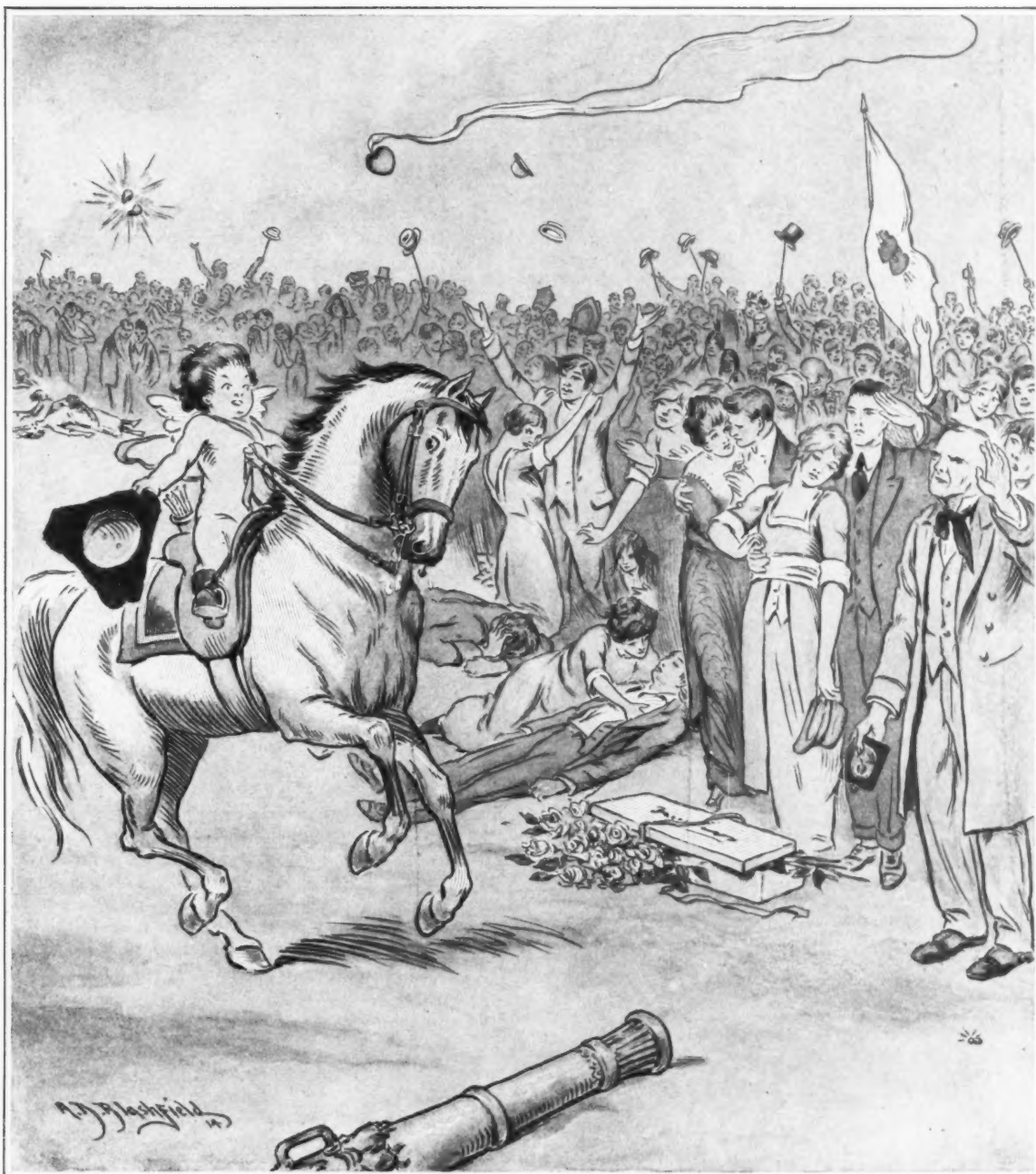
"HOW far," asked the one automobilist of another, as they met at a turn in the road, "is it from here to the next town where there's a repair shop?"

"Eleven hills, three bad bridges, one long stretch of deep sand and two arrests."

BAR—(1) A place where one becomes intoxicated by spirituous liquors. (2) Also a place where one becomes intoxicated by legal technicalities.



IN AN EDITORIAL SANCTUM



AFTER THE BATTLE



Chorus of Has-beens: AH! HERE COMES
ANOTHER D— FOOL



"AND THEY SAID I'D BE DOING BIG THINGS
IN HIGH ART"

Life-saving Dogs

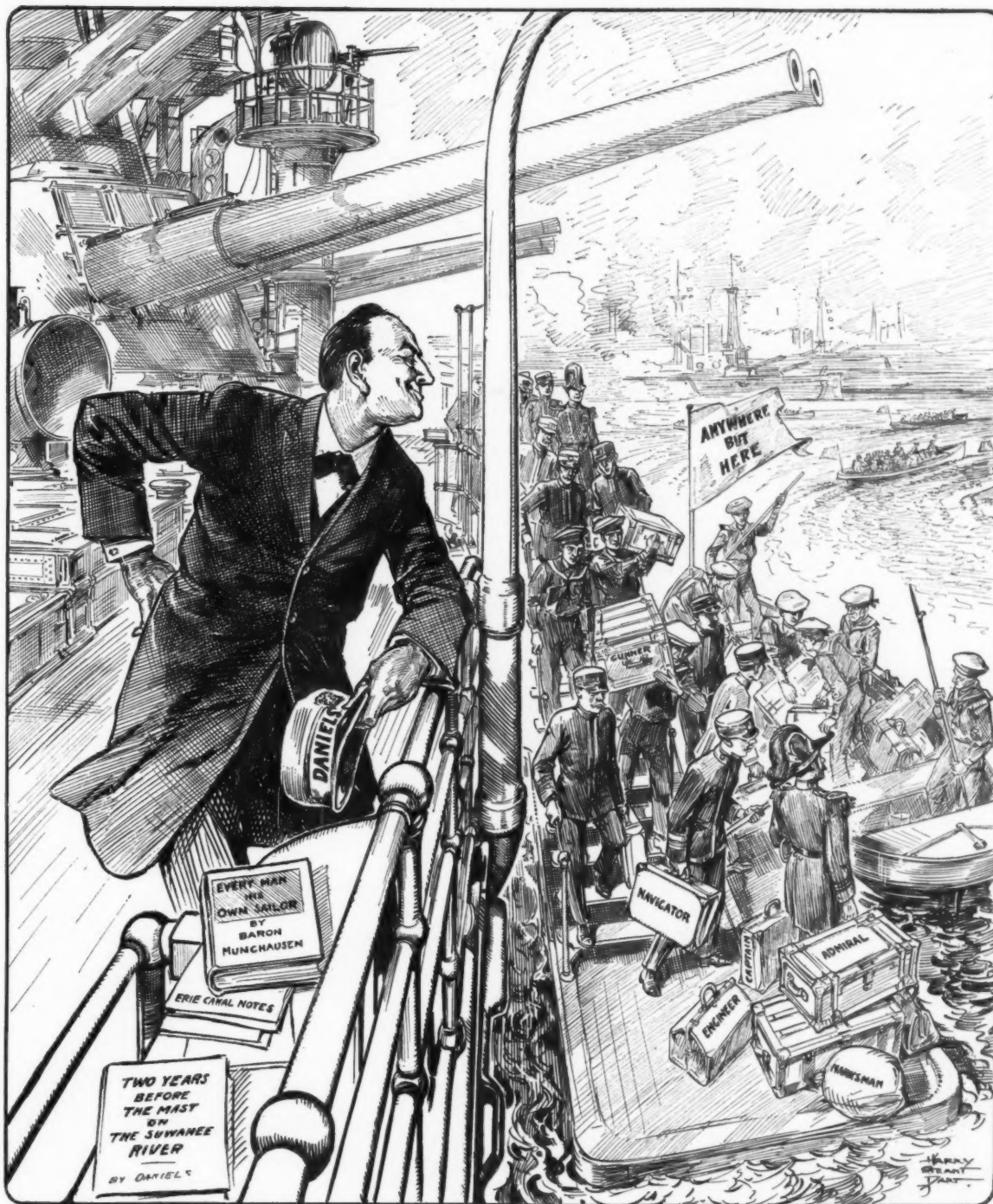
The French Government is using a number of dogs for the purpose of finding wounded on the battlefields. It is said that they find many men who have crawled into shelter after being wounded and might otherwise be easily overlooked, especially at night.—*News item.*

AND so the dog adds one more to the manifold proofs of its usefulness and its friendship for mankind. Yet it is not enough, perhaps, to make the vivisectors pause. The procession of dogs into the serum-poison laboratories will continue undiminished. Many of these identical life-savers may come to their end in the torture chamber. A handsome reward, to be sure. But what of that? The serum mania, like other manias, is no respecter of either dogs or persons.

German-Americans and War

THE case of our German-Americans is simple. If we get into the war with Germany, those of them who are Germans will be our enemies and those of them who are Americans will be one with the rest of us. It will be for them to make their choice and proclaim it. But they won't be able to stay on both sides at once.

A WEDDING is a place where women weep because they are happy and men smile because they are sad.



"LET 'EM ALL RESIGN IF THEY WANT TO. I CAN RUN THE NAVY ALONE"

Not Quite His Own

"ME for war!"

The rather small, nervous, bright-eyed man fixed his luminous orbs on the gentleman in the next seat.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "I'm for grim-visaged war in all its horrid aspects, and if you have a few moments I think I can convince you that I am right."

The other man edged about uneasily.

"Make it short," he said.

"I'll put it in a nutshell. In the first place, we mortals have no imagination—no vision. We talk of the horror and savagery of war, not realizing, in its broader aspects, that every man has to die, that his death is usually a tragedy, and that if his death takes place in battle he is but anticipating it a few years; also, that the total number of deaths thus far in this great cataclysm is only one-sixth of the birth rate, and that we kill many more by civilization, such as railroad accidents, child labor and many forms of poverty. Do you follow me?"

"I do."

"Well, then, that's all that can possibly be said against war, except the destruction of property and some suffering on the part of non-combatants. Now, sir, let me give the other side. War is the great purifier."

"How do you make that out?"

"It is Nature's way of putting the race on its feet again. Before our Civil War we were a supine race. Out of the great conflict that ensued came a great awakening—came courage, came a new spirit. But that was a generation ago. Once more the pendulum has swung back. Again we are supine, commercialized, degenerate. Witness the signs of the times—eugenics, sex mania, dancing, feminism, the irresponsible attitude of the young, the decadence of the homes and—"

At this moment a large, benevolent-looking lady, whose velvet step, as she came down the aisle, he had not heard, leaned over and grabbed him by the coat collar.

"Excuse me," she said, "but did I

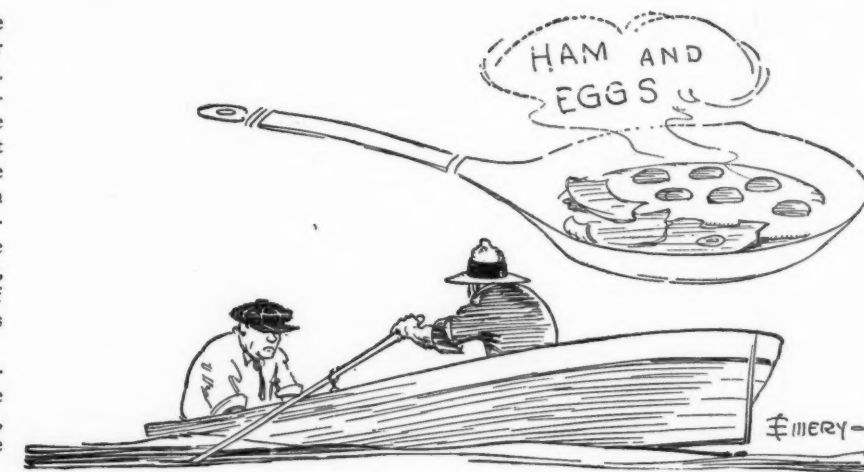
Visions



MORNING



NOON



NIGHT



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MADAM? CAN'T YOU GET IT TOGETHER AGAIN?"

Fair Motorist: OH, YES. I HAVE IT PUT TOGETHER ALL RIGHT, BUT WHOEVER MADE THE CAR PUT IN A LOT OF THINGS IT DIDN'T REALLY NEED."

hear you say anything about the decadence of the home, because if you were referring to our home, then——"

The man with the luminous orbs smiled.

"No, darling," he replied, "not our home. Somebody else's home."

"And it's somebody else's war you're talking about, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed. Me for war, but somebody else's war. That's the idea. Have a cigar, sir? If you'll step into the smoker with me I'll explain it over again in the light of the new idea my wife has given me."

She sank down beside him.

"No, you won't," she said, placidly. "Somebody else has a war on their hands. You have me. That's enough for you. Just let it go at that."

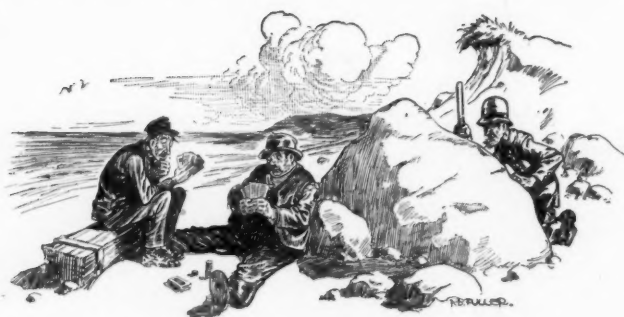
What Odds, Professor Hart?

It is idle to suppose that the war may result in the overthrow of European thrones except perhaps in the Balkans.—*Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, in the Outlook.*

ABOUT how idle, learned friend? Take, for example, the throne of Wilhelm II. Would it be inconsistent with academic dignity for you to express your sense of the security of Wilhelm's imperial seat in the form of betting odds? We don't want your money, but only your feeling. Is it 50 to 1, or 10 to 1, or 5 to 1 that Wilhelm will still continue to sit tight on the Imperial Hohenzollern perch after the war is over? To our unlearned vision, Professor, it looks like a good bet that Wilhelm will be fired.



The Movie Man: A LITTLE MORE ACTION, PLEASE



"SHADOWED COVES ON A SUNNY SHORE"
—Tennyson.

Eugenia the Fatherless

THE recent adventures of Eugenia Kelly, as related at so much length, and with illustrations, in the newspapers, constitute a tribute to fathers. Fathers were never more disparaged than they have been in this twentieth century. But they are some good. To raise a boy without one and make a good job is a rare exploit. And even for growing girls, especially in these fetched-loose times, they are useful.

If Eugenia had had even a half-way efficient and dutiful father she would never have become a newspaper sensation—at least not until she had been married and was ready for a divorce. A fairly good father, more indulgent and sympathetic in some ways than her mother, and in other ways more formidable, would have kept her straight. A father would have made short work of the dance-hall chappies who beguiled Eugenia. An active, night-going father in a taxicab could make Broadway either quite untenable to a daughter or quite safe.

Just now the hold of mothers on their daughters is a good deal broken. Out-of-the-home employments, college education, social service and all such enlarging adventures have helped to break it. The girls want about as much freedom as the boys do, and mothers find very much the same sort of difficulty in controlling daughters that they have always had in controlling sons. But a father usually deals with a son with less friction and more control than a mother does. The same paternal gift is needed nowadays for daughters.

German Neutrality

ONE of the orders recently issued in Berlin for the purpose of preventing the populace from finding out the truth about themselves and their government is that "neutral newspapers not friendly to Germany shall not be allowed in restaurants".

It is hard to find this kind of neutrality, but we might send over some of our German-American newspapers which are more German than American.

Confidential Guide to Motor Cars

THE SPEEDWELL: Fifty miles an hour on the level and passes away on every hill. Brakes squeak like a Connecticut sawmill.

THE BOUNDER: Two thousand dollars' worth of varnish and cast iron. Weighs less and costs more per mile than any other living car.

THE THANK-YOU-MARM: A seven-passenger exercising machine that devours tires, lubricating oil and gasoline as if it never had a square meal before. Upon entering, strap yourself down and save your life.

THE HOME BULLET: Reduced from \$1,650 to \$1,243.87. Has three speeds forward, each one worse than the other. Sliding seats, cylinder and carburetor. Built for comfort and missed its vocation.

THE BANGER: Six hundred and fifty dollars, including top, bottom and sides. Mostly underneath drive. Engine in front—often. Every wheel base. Guaranteed to go twenty miles without injury.

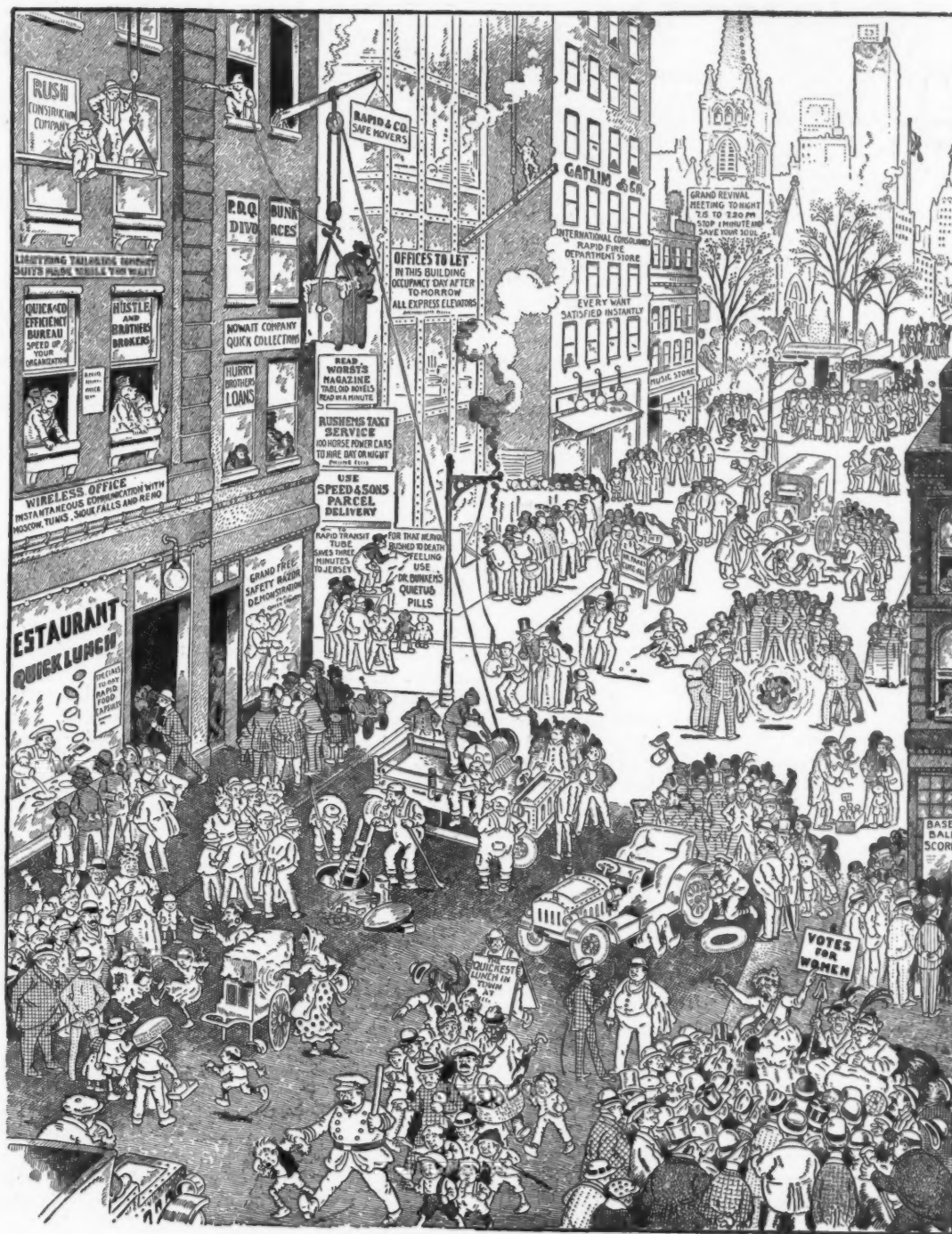
"**R**EALLY, Isabel, I just hate to pay war prices on these imported delicacies."

"Still; dear, would it not seem cowardly to shirk our share of the suffering?"



3 A. M.

WHY WE CALLED THE POLICE



THE TERRIBLE RUSH OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
THOSE BUSY NEW-YORKERS



JUNE 24, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WHAT a wonderful dispensation of Providence it was that lifted William Bryan so gently, spectacularly and opportunely out of the Cabinet where months ago he had ceased to be useful, and placed him where he will himself be alone responsible for his opinions and deportment! Oh, what a blessed relief it is to have this worthy but misguiding brother detached from a situation where he seemed to speak and act for the American people and restored to that freedom which belongs to folks who speak only for themselves! It was not worth the cruel loss of the Lusitania to have it happen, but it was worth very much. And to have it done voluntarily, without a quarrel, by Mr. Bryan himself was almost a kinder fortune than we deserved.

It could not well have been done otherwise than by the free will of the Departed, for truly his merits and deserts have been considerable. His usefulness and loyalty as a member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet have exceeded the expectations even of those politicians who approved his appointment. Really, Mr. Bryan has been very good. He has helped the administration as much as he could (sometimes to great purpose) and has lived in personal urbanity with his fellow cabinetiers. He has, of course, been an impediment to business and an anxious care as Secretary of State, but as a working member of the administration he has probably been worth his cost. The opinion that "his appointment as Secretary of State was a colossal blunder"

(*Boston Transcript*) is not sound at all. His appointment has proved a great success and his voluntary retirement is the shining crown of it.

In the days when this Republic began it was served, and with great efficiency, by a galaxy of statesmen who had firm minds and (most of them) loose morals. Mr. Bryan is an example of the opposite sort. His morals are firm, but his mind is loose. It sees part of a subject vividly, but the rest it skips. It is a good agitator mind, and it is in agitation that Mr. Bryan has made his fortune. He has never had to be responsible for anything but language, and not much for that. He has lots of talent and cylinders enough for a great man, but when he trusts his mind it plays tricks on him and beguiles him with mistaken conclusions and proposals. He does well only when he has a competent leader and sticks to him. He found such a leader for the first time in Mr. Wilson, whose mind is an entirely different organ from his, and it is to Mr. Bryan's credit that he has been so pleased with Mr. Wilson's leadership and has stuck to him so long. But in the very act of fetching loose from him he demonstrates what he has so often demonstrated before, that he is a quack statesman.



A QUACK he always has been, and no doubt will always be, not because he does not love the truth, but

because he cannot see enough of it. He seems a sincere man fooled by a deluding mind. His sincerity, his brass, his vigor, his talent, his human sympathies, his voice and his vivid and tenacious perception of what he sees make him a leader, and then his deluded mind twists him into a quack prophet.

The papers complain of what he has done and the way he did it.

Nonsense! He had to do it. That's the way he is made. It is a great thing to have him raise his blessed old standard again. If all the political goats presently flock to it we shall know where they are and how many. Things are no longer as they were when the Democrats had no other leader. Lately Mr. Bryan has been keeping out of the Democratic party new recruits who wanted to come in. If presently he sets up as rival candidate to Mr. Wilson we may see the great realignment of voters which has seemed to be impending. It is possible, however, that Mr. Bryan will quit party politics and devote himself to the improvement of the habits of his countrymen and their advance in religion.

Mr. Lansing may be his successor. Or perhaps Colonel House! Is there anyone else? Mr. Lansing is admirable technically and in spirit; Colonel House would be mighty useful as a politician and diplomat. He has a very small appetite for office, but there are reasons why the President may think him the best pinch-hitter for the present juncture. But whoever succeeds to the office now vacant, the mind and will that shall direct our diplomatic concerns for some time to come will be Mr. Wilson's, and the fittest man to succeed Mr. Bryan will be the man who can best help the President.

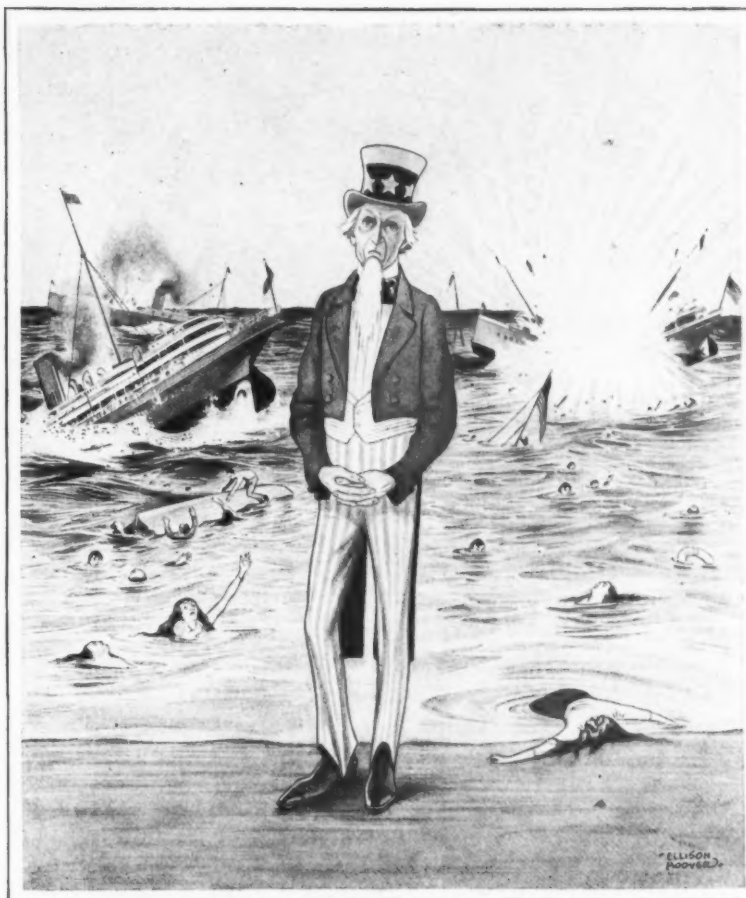
Mr. Bryan has explained that the second Lusitania letter did not have enough arbitration in it to satisfy his peace proclivities. But that seems to have troubled no one else. The letter is admirable, very gentle and urbane in its phrasing, careful in every syllable, but of a due and definite insistency and penetration. Praise be to the Divinity that has thus shaped this end of our rough-hewn affairs! Under Mr. Wilson's leadership we shall do our duty. Under Mr. Bryan's leader-

ship Heaven knows what our course would have been, or into what desperate toils of imbecility it might have led us. But it is not an accident that Mr. Bryan is not our leader. The American people never have accepted his guidance. Three times they declined it, because in spite of a strong and warrantable disposition to change, they saw he had not the mental qualifications to be a safe President. He had the great advantage of being a hayseed and believing fervently in all hayseed standards; he had peculiarities that invited the hypothesis that there had been revealed to him matters not disclosed to the wise; he had a great deal of personal charm and understanding of the art of popularity, so that he has always been able to make himself agreeable to all kinds of people, and yet with all these advantages and the use three times of the machinery of the Democratic party he has never been quite able to pull our great country's honorable leg. The trouble has been with his mind. It never could be trusted to work right. With a different bean on him, what a wonder William might have been!



THE importance of our country as a factor in the Great War is very much increased by the all but universal support given to the President in his dealings with Germany. Mr. Bryan's compunctions have met with virtually no response. The country is satisfied with Mr. Wilson's management of its foreign concerns, and will back it wherever it leads. Nobody worth mentioning is alarmed; nobody is afraid of a war with Germany, though scarcely anyone wants it. President Wilson well expressed the governing sentiment of the country when he said:

The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than mere rights of property or privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every government



"REALLY IT'S ANNOYING. I CONFESS I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE GERMAN TEMPERAMENT"

honors itself in respecting and which no government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority.

That is the pith of the matter and really tells what all this correspondence is about. It is about everything that has happened since last July, not at sea alone, but on shore as well; not only about the Lusitania, but about Belgium. What interests our people far beyond the rights of property is civilization. They will do now what they lawfully can to save it. Nothing will induce them to forego these so-called neutral efforts, and they will insist upon their neutral rights because the interests of civilization demand it.

But how strange a thing is our system of government! Here we have

been for two years and four months educating a President and practicing him in government. In another year we will be in process of discussing whether to lay him off or not, and in any case we will deposit him in our national museum of living political curiosities not later than on March 4, 1921. It is a funny way to manage and seems wasteful. We train soldiers so as to use them and have them on hand in case of need. But we use our Presidents untrained, and when they have learned how we lay them off.

Still, there are worse ways than ours. If Germany had a vote coming on the Hohenzollern family the possibilities of peace would look considerably brighter.





Also Brave

AN OUTSIDER AT ONE OF MRS. CATCHEM'S EVENINGS

On Life's Wire



"Hello, Mr. Rockefeller. What can we do for you?"

"Did you read my testimony before the United States Commission of Industrial Relations?"

"A large part of it."

"Well, don't you think I'm pretty smooth?"

"Do you mean slipperv, Mr. Rockefeller?"

"No, I mean adroit, LIFE."

"Perhaps a little too much so for your own good."

"You mean it was too apparent to be effective?"

"We fear it didn't fool very many, Mr. Rockefeller."

"You may be right, LIFE, but it was a pretty stiff job trying to make out that I didn't know what was going on when the documentary evidence seemed to be the other way. But say, LIFE, isn't that Chairman Walsh an unpleasant fellow?"

"That depends somewhat on the point of view, Mr. Rockefeller."

"Surely, LIFE, you don't mean to imply that you approve of his methods?"



for young

"No, not altogether. But is it his methods or his motives you object to, Mr. Rockefeller?"

"Why, his methods, of course."

"Wouldn't any methods that sought to make you admit the facts have been equally as abhorrent?"

"How can you hint at such a thing, LIFE?"

"Just what was it about his methods that you object to?"

"I object to being pinned down on every statement. When I say that I believe in justice and righteousness and fair dealing and uprightness, I think they ought to let it go at that and not try to make me explain what my idea of justice and fair dealing is in given instances. That makes it too specific."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Rockefeller, that reminds us. Do you think it is justice to sentence a man to life imprisonment for a crime that he didn't commit, as the Colorado courts have recently done in the case of Lawson, the labor-union leader?"

"LIFE, I believe thoroughly in righteousness and square dealing, and I do not think the courts should discriminate against any particular class, and I am willing to lose everything I possess in order that—"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Rockefeller; we asked you a specific question."

"There now, LIFE, you are acting just like Chairman Walsh, and I must refuse to talk to you any longer. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Rockefeller. Thanks for calling us up."

E. O. J.



Judge: THE EVIDENCE IS MERELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL, BUT I AM CONVINCED YOU ARE GUILTY—YOU LOOK SO SHEEPISH

Interviews With Dead Celebrities

"ARE things any better than they were?" We asked this question of Jonah, standing on the seashore at Joppa. He looked at us keenly.

"Would you believe me if I told you?" he retorted. "This being a regular interview, we may as well have things understood at the beginning."

We explained briefly.

"Listen, Jonah," we said. "Honestly, it wouldn't make any difference whether we believed you or not, or whether what you say is true—if it makes a good story. Whether the whale really swallowed you or not is of no consequence; it's a good story; that's enough."

"And you ask me," he said, "whether things are any better than they were. To tell you the truth, if I can, I don't know. I haven't been keeping track of the modern world; I've been too busy writing my reminiscences. But, speaking broadly, I don't think you are much better off. Just one instance: would you say that for real comfort the lower berth of a Pullman car is any better than the stomach of a roomy whale?"

We admitted that he had us there.

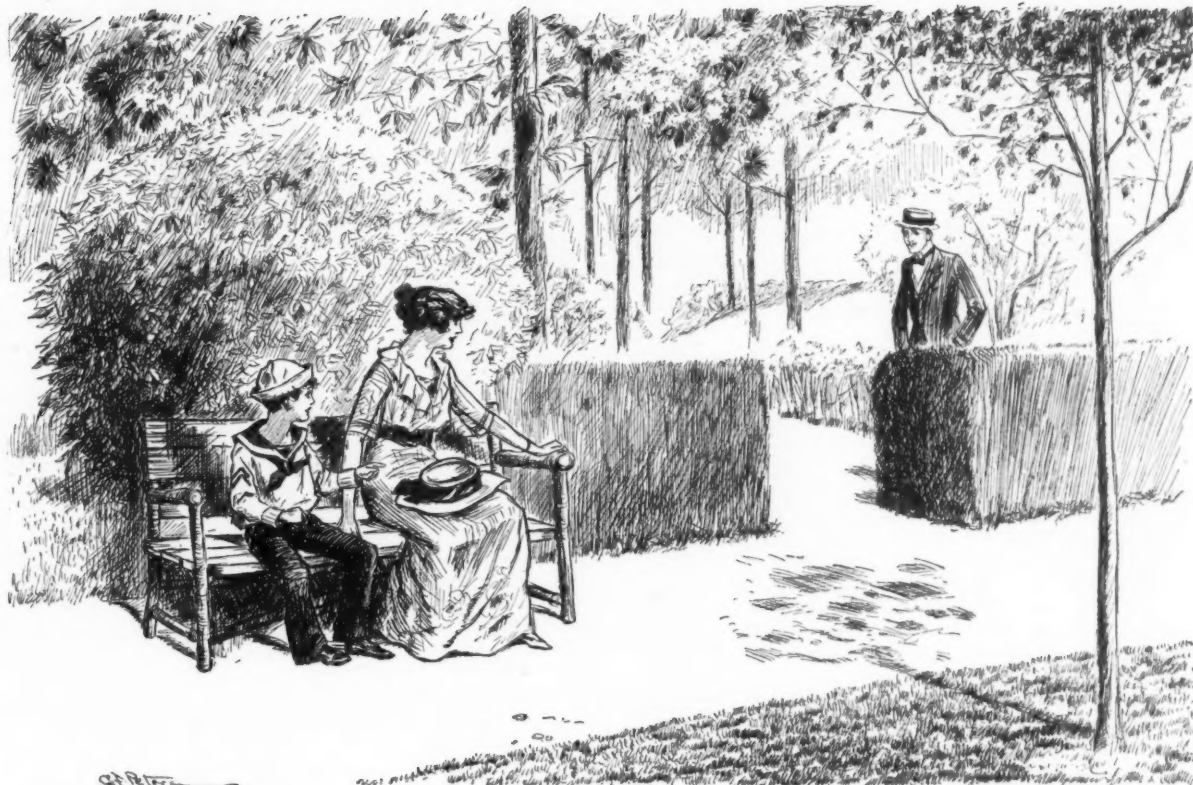
"But, Jonah!" we exclaimed, hoping that our show of animation might conceal our secret chagrin. "There are other things. Haven't summer resorts improved since your day?"

"That depends," he said, with a deadly gleam in his eye, "how much real love and genuine respect you may have for bar rooms, boardwalks and peroxide blondes. The fact is, my dear chap, you have what may be termed all the modern unimprovements. But believe me, you haven't anything on us of ye olden time."

"Where did you pick up that slang?" we asked, shocked.

Jonah smiled.

"I picked it up on the beach just now as you came along," he explained. "It was dropped by a savage band of moving-picture actors—we would have called 'em art killers in our day."



Tom: HERE COMES MR. SWEET NOW, SIS. QUICK, GIVE ME THAT QUARTER OR I'LL STICK TO YOU FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!

Members of the Family

GRANDPA: Rises at six, summer and winter. Four-reel reminiscences. Shaves and cuts himself daily.

GRANDMA: Knits and interferes with the proper nursing of baby.

PAPA: Golf Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Rest of time unknown quantity.

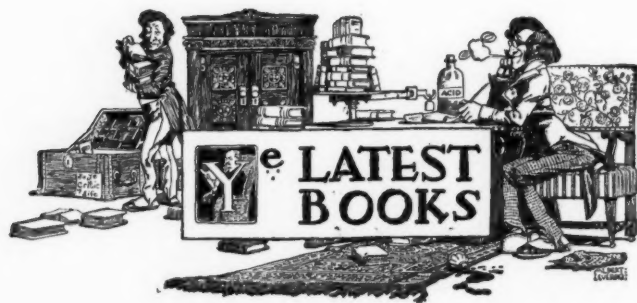
MAMMA: Breakfast in bed. Presides at dinner. Plays bridge and is out dancing Saturday night.

THE BABY: Nineteen. Can't spell. Can't talk. Keeps going to college—though no one knows why.

SISTER: Wears hair and slippers that mamma constantly objects to. That is only one reason why she wears them, however. The other reason is—others.



FROM THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT
"THE BRIDE'S BROTHER GAVE HER AWAY"



YOU know the "simple little frock"

(\$375 at Paquin's) that economically minded husbands advise their wives to affect during the hard times? Maurice Hewlett's "A Lovers' Tale" (Scribner's, \$1.25)—a re-telling of an old Icelandic saga with its lost portions supplied and its fragments coordinated—is just such another bit of simplicity—costly because of the labor involved in all that has been left out; exquisite in the perfected sufficiency of what remains, and, withal, easily overlooked by the unobservant. The tale invests the Iceland of the vikings with a parochial naturalness. With admirable art it masks (by a vivid individualization) the eternal types of human kind with which it deals—*Cormac*, the idealist poet-lover, non-domesticable like the zebra; *Berse*, the lion-hearted taker of life (and of wives) as they come; *Stangerd*, the flame-haired and rebellious, yet eternally practical, girl-woman. The book is full of beauty unadorned.

THERE is scant beauty in Joseph Hergesheimer's "Mountain Blood" (Kennerley, \$1.35), except it be the beauty of an austere truth-seeking study of ugliness. It is a tale of the Virginia hill country. In particular it is the tale of the squalid life tragedy of a hot-headed individualistic grandson of a Scotch Highland rebel, refugee and immigrant to those mountains, whose family holdings have dwindled to a small home, who is deep in debt to the local store-keeping usurers, and whose inherited instincts of a bird of prey run degenerately amuck in the wretched confines of the stagnant community where he is born. The tale is a genuine piece of first-hand folk study. It takes its place in the parquettery of American type interpretations. But the readers of stories for their own sake will have none of it.

CONNIE MACK says, in an introduction to the volume of short stories of the "national game" that Henry Beach Needham has just published under the title of "The Double Squeeze" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25), that "The Jinx" is the best baseball story he has ever read. He also says that all four of the stories in the book are "fan-proof and diamond wise". And even though Connie (under the fictional alias of *Tris Ford*) figures prominently in the stories and is not, therefore, an impartial critic, one would hesitate to dispute his authority. Personally, I have seen baseball stories that were better stories. But that is a mere detail. These are good reading.

ONE of the early lumber-camp tales, White's "The Blazed Trail" or another, ended with a stirring scene in which a big, sandy-haired hero, caught in the path of a bursting log jam, hurls his cap defiantly into the advancing wall of destruction, just before it whelms him. Such a gesture, futile yet magnificent, is suggested by Hudson Maxim's fiery appeal to the sleeping intelligence and lulled self-interest of his countrymen, "Defenceless America" (Hearst's International Library, \$2.00). The book contains a remorseless marshaling of stern facts, fused into prophecy by a sort of incandescent logic. It is the first bold proclaiming of the bitter "civilization" truths revealed by the vast disillusionment of the war. And these are here flung, as the author feels, into the face of approaching national disaster.

A YEAR ago Seymour Deming's "A Message to the Middle Classes" (Small, Maynard, \$0.50)—a scholarly-brotherly attempt intellectually to bridge the gap of misunderstanding between the actively muddle-headed radicals and the statically muddle-headed conservatives of the nation—would have been, in its

less fiery and hence less far-reaching way, as fine and as futile an appeal as Mr. Maxim's. Even now it is speculatively interesting to all watchers of the social creative-evolution drama. But it is, perhaps, most interesting just now as a touchstone of the vast disillusionments we are experiencing, and by reason of which so much of the idealism and dogma, of the faiths, hopes, charities (and even fiction) of the days before Louvain, are beginning to look unreal, romantic, childish and illusionary. We are like the Chicagoans of 1871. Already the world of "before the fire" is a vanished world.

SAX ROHMER'S intricately exciting story of the criminal contrivances and secret operations of the London branch of an international ring organized for conducting opium dens de luxe, "The Yellow Claw" (McBride, Nast, \$1.35), is, on the other hand, one of those (in this sense) ageless tales that, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, deal doppingly with a non-existent world. It is, quite literally, a "pipe-dream" romance. One does not read it; one "hits" it. And when one feels inclined to a fevered forgetfulness and a debauch of imagined intrigue and adventure and of the lurking sense of Oriental cunning and malign mystery, then—this is the life!

J. B. Kerfoot.



A GRIPPING TAIL
FULL OF LOVE AND ROMANCE

Telltale Features by Which
to Judge the Size of Some
American Cities

New York

2 subways
1 Custom House
1 caged Tiger
1 dead Bull-Moose

Boston

478,000 Christian Scientists
5,000 Rah Rahs

Milwaukee

18 breweries
7 boxing clubs

Philadelphia

1,269 undertakers
183 cemeteries

San Francisco

28,043 jitneys
1 exposition

Missoula, Montana

1 weekly moving picture theatre
1 street car

Washington

1 Democratic platform
2 grape-juice promoters

St. Louis

See Milwaukee

Seattle

43 boat lines to Alaska
1 Mayor who "came back"
180 fish canneries

Chicago

3 baseball leagues
1 Marshall Field's
87 packing houses

Pittsburgh

34 cubic miles of smoke
48 Scotch libraries

Los Angeles

43,000 moving picture actors
68,000 real estate sharks

Huntley Child.



Messenger Boy: WELL, I GUESS I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A LADY;
NOBODY EVEN LOOKED AT YE

The Ambitious Frog

IN old Æsop's fables we read of a frog
Who burst, like a bubble, in air
While trying to show to his friends in the bog
The size of an ox who'd been there;
And the moral was drawn from this homely old tale
That a man should take care what he tries,
And plod on through life on a nice, modest scale
Since only contentment is wise.

But my heart goes out to that cocky young frog
Whose life was so recklessly spent,
Who burst into bits in the midst of his bog
Because on ambition intent;
But though he was highly conceited, I know,
I'm strong for his courage and gall,
For it's better to burst in attempting to grow
Than have no ambition at all!

Berton Braley.

What's Ahead for Mr. Bryan?

MR. BRYAN'S detachment from the Cabinet naturally invites speculation as to his immediate future. What the spirit may move him to do in the course of the coming year nobody knows, least of all Mr. Bryan. But he has deep convictions and the habit of lining up in behalf of them, and if he finds that things which he considers vitally important are not getting the attention which he thinks they deserve, he may put himself at the head of the voters who want them.

He is in favor of woman suffrage and opposed to intoxicating beverages. He is in favor of government ownership of railroads and opposed to second terms for Presidents, and to war, except, possibly, for defense. He may work out as the leader and presidential candidate of folks who feel as he does on these and other matters, and there are a good many of them.

But in the main Mr. Bryan has been in close political accord with Mr. Wilson, and has rejoiced in most of what his administration has so far accomplished. He would not lead an opposition to him without reluctance. It is not necessary that he shall be a party candidate again. He can probably go to the Senate, and he has excellent and profitable facilities for agitation outside of official life. His real vocation is to be an exhorter. His true field is the Chautauqua circuit. He is fifty-five years old, and might well have done now with hazardous experiments and spend the ample residue of his strength and days in the active practice of his real profession. Without being an ex-President he is in very much the position of an ex-President, and very well equipped to demonstrate what can be done by an earnest and active man in that case.

I WANT to be a neutral and with the neutrals stand,
A keen stiletto in my teeth, a siege-gun in my hand.



"DON'T BE SILLY, JOHN! GO ON WITH YOUR GAME"

Ropes and Rippers

IN spite of "The Law as to Pirates", sober-minded forecasters hardly expect to see the Kaiser hanged, even if he is finally run down and caught. The plea *non compos mentis* will be entered for him and will probably get him off. But what of his accomplices in "frightfulness", such men as von Tirpitz and von Reventlow? Will they get off, too, on the plea that the Kaiser was crazy?



GOOD LUCK

THE GIRL IS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SEE HER FIANCÉ IN A TEMPER BEFORE PROMISING "TO LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY"



THE SPARROWS AND THE HAWK

Venus Speaks

SAD and dejected, by mortals neglected,
Stand I aloft on this cold marble pinnacle;
'Spite of my nudeness, they leave me with rudeness;
Is it a wonder that I have grown cynical?

Here, unattired, I've long been admired;
Artists and laymen have come unremittingly.
Standing before me in awe, they'd adore me;
Poets have sung of me fondly and fittingly.

Now, no attention that's worthy of mention
Get I from people who come to this gallery;
Nor do they loudly, with fervor, and proudly,
Swear that a glimpse of me's worth half their salary.

Maids tripping lightly, in skirts short and sightly,
Draw the men's gaze toward their own femininity;
Or some fair goddess, no sleeves in her bodice,
Gives them a hint of her hidden divinity.

Man's predilection for all this perfection
Really is getting to be quite a passion now.
Nothing concealing, my beauty revealing,
I'm far too moral to be in the fashion now.

So I'm left grieving, no notice receiving;
Sculptors, pray help me to human society.
Carve me from stone a becoming kimona,
Rid me of all this old-fashioned propriety.

Germany Excommunicate

NEARLY two-score distinguished American citizens, including sixteen Protestant bishops, a variety of presidents of colleges and other corporations, and other shepherds of the people, put in, last month, a petition to the Kaiser, begging him, in consideration of the outside effort to keep the Belgians alive, and as an act of clemency, to remit the war indemnities that have been imposed on cities and provinces in Belgium.

The wonder is that, after Lusitania, so many respectable men should be willing to put their names to any communication whatever to the German Emperor.

Excommunication by the Pope was abused and lost its force; but the German Government has pretty well excommunicated itself. It is close to the point where no country and no company of decent citizens will speak to it. The excellent Americans who have petitioned the Kaiser must feel almost defiled by their act of mercy.

From Our Special Correspondent in the Underworld

IT is rumored that his Satanic Majesty has brought suit for criminal libel against the shade of William Tecumseh Sherman. It will be remembered that the General compared war to hell.

How to Manage a Wife

REMEMBER that you must not try to impose your ideas upon her. You couldn't if you wanted to. Therefore, assist her in preserving her individuality.

Keep her down. A woman expects to be ruled. She will love you all the more for doing this.

Don't let her know that you have the slightest mechanical ability. Remember that your time is more valuable than hanging pictures or adjusting the cook's alarm clock.

True courtesy is the foundation of matrimonial felicity. Therefore, always respond to her request to do any little thing. When she finds that you are willing she will not abuse the trust you place in her.

Go where she asks you to go. Only in this way can you keep up your interest and love for each other.

Don't let her make a slave of you. In the long run it is your health that counts.

Always consult her about your business. Her woman's intuition is often better than your experience.

Don't talk shop. She may appear to be interested, but to bore her is fatal.

Never deceive her. Then your union will be lasting.

Telling your wife the truth is sometimes permissible—provided it isn't personal and you don't allow it to become a habit.



"MY! WHAT A STRANGE PLACE TO BE MARRIED IN!"

"OH, I DON'T KNOW. A GREAT MANY COUPLES HAVE STARTED LIFE ON A SMALL SCALE"



ANGIE M. DONALD '35

MAN PROPOSES—WOMAN DISPOSES

False Pretenses

A DELIGHTFULLY angelic bit of humbug is being practiced upon British soldiers. Under the law they are not required to admit poisonous vaccines and serums into their systems unless they are willing. Many thousands of them were not willing, and enlisted with that understanding.

Thereupon they found that army

officers had invented a sort of non-compulsory compulsion. Unless a soldier allows himself to be squirted full of impurities he has his privileges taken away. Thus the enlightened soldier has to stay continuously in the vile trenches, while his brother who meekly submits is allowed many days off and occasionally an extended furlough. This plan has forced many

thousands of soldiers into the clutches of the serumites, but there are many others who are staunchly holding out, and during their weary imprisonment in the trenches are pondering on the beauties of having to fight both a hostile army in front of them and a hostile superstition behind them.

E. O. J.

How Short Can a Short Story Be?

LIFE will pay one thousand dollars for the best shortest short story

HOW short can a short story be and yet be a short story? LIFE would like to know. So would every writer, and, therefore, all writers are invited to join with LIFE in making a practical test.

LIFE invites contributions of short stories. For the best ones received before noon of October 4, 1915, it will award three prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250.

Extremely important is the fact that *no story must exceed fifteen hundred words in length.*

Read carefully what follows:

All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in LIFE will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write. To illustrate: if the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive \$140, or ten cents a word for the fourteen hundred words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred

words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story.

The stories will be published in LIFE as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis which has just been defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the \$1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner:

The Editors of LIFE will first select out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will then be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. In case, for any reason, any one or more of these twelve authors should be unable to act as judge, then the contest will be decided by the rest.

Each of these twelve judges will, of course, if he so wishes, vote for his own story first, so that the final result may probably be determined by the combined second, third and fourth choices of all the judges. - This, however, will not affect the result. In case of a division among the judges, the

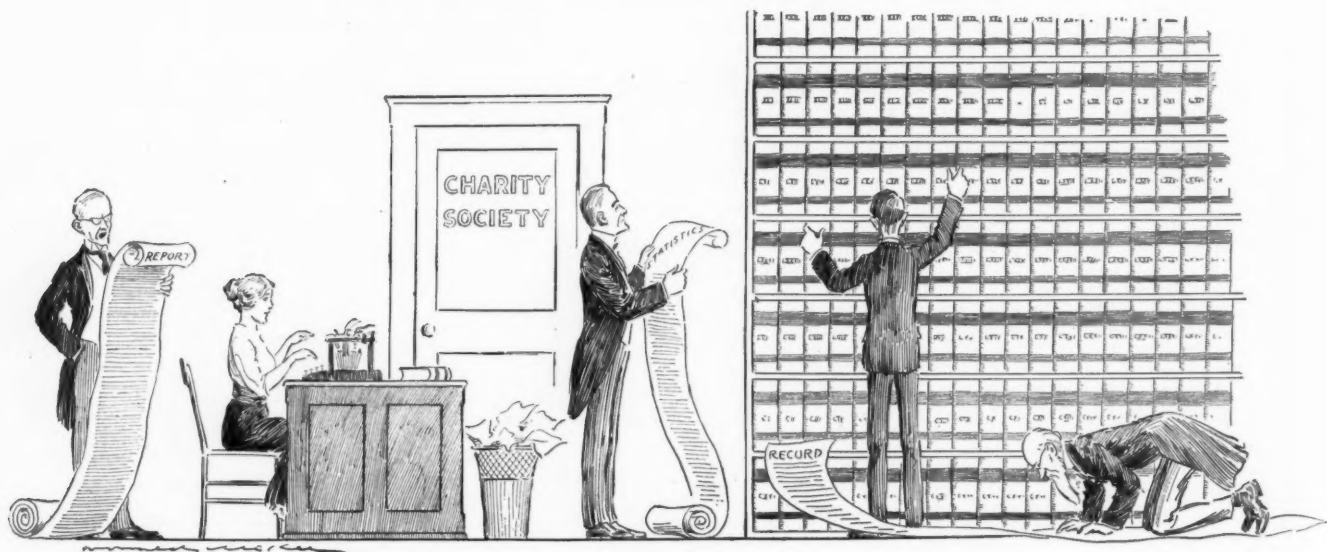
Editors of LIFE will cast the deciding vote.

There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic, as the author feels it.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the last story has been published in LIFE. Of this there will be due notice. Manuscripts will be accepted from now on as fast as they can be read and passed upon. In every case they should be addressed, "To the Editor of LIFE's Short Story Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City", and the author's name and address should be plainly written upon the manuscript, which should be accompanied by return postage in case of rejection. The editors will exercise due care in returning unavailable contributions, but will not hold themselves responsible for loss. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies.

All manuscripts must be in LIFE office by noon of Monday, October 4, 1915. No manuscripts received after that date will be considered. Each contestant may send in as many manuscripts as he desires:

If any of the rules of this contest are violated the Editors of LIFE reserve the right to debar the contributions.



"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR"

The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.



NATURE showed her sovereign wisdom in her choice of a birthplace for Perrier—it bursts, a flood of bubbling purity, from a glorious natural Spring midst the purple vineyards of Southern France. Thus, fortunately the water of matchless sparkle and delicacy has its origin among men possessed of exceptionally refined and appreciative palates.

perrier

FRENCH NATURAL
SPARKLING
TABLE
WATER

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards. There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

N.B.—A glass of Perrier alone or with a slice of lemon in the early morning is invaluable in gout and uric acid troubles—the bugbear of middle-age.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND GROCERS.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, AGENTS, 1158, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

*To quench hot
weather thirst drink
The Champagne
of Table Waters*



*Bubbling with its
own Carbonic Gas.*





Got Just What He Wanted

"Will you let me off this afternoon, sir?" asked a clerk in a dry-goods store; "my wife wants me to beat some carpets."

"Couldn't possibly do it," said the boss.

The clerk turned joyfully to his work, saying: "Thank you, sir. Thank you a thousand times."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Only a "Ring-Off."

"Auntie, did you ever get a proposal?"

"Once, dear. A gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"WHISKY, my friend, has killed more men than bullets."

"That may be, sir; but, bejabbers, I'd rather be full of whisky than bullets."

—*London Opinion*.



POISONED DARTS

Hope in Sight

A young man who last June received his diploma has been looking around successively for a position, for employment, and for a job. Entering an office, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening here for a college graduate?"

"Well, dere will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to t'ree dollars a week by temorrer night."

—*Christian Register*.

"No, I didn't come up to business yesterday," said the stout man in the corner of the carriage. "The last of my daughters was getting married, so I had to give her away."

"Really? Who was the happy man?" inquired a polite fellow-passenger.

"I was," said the parent, emphatically.—*Tit-Bits*.

"SENATOR, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs."

"I need a job, Senator."

"Well, I'll ask for a commission to investigate as to why there are no jobs and you can get a job on that."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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HARDMAN "Sure Grip" Tires

The slightly higher price of Hardman Tires is more than justified by the superior service they give.

They are a "quality" rather than a "quantity" tire—built for the motorist who appreciates real economy.

Guaranteed for 5000 miles.

Order Hardman's the next time you need tires.

New York Office, 1904 Broadway

Agencies in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco, Providence, Newark, Paterson, Buffalo, Houston and other cities.



That Night Again—

Have you ever looked down on a shadow-swept garden where the moonlight lies in patches among the shrubbery and the haunting scent of lilacs rises fresh and fragrant on the dew-cooled air? If you have, the scent of

Lilas de Rigaud Talcum Powder

will bring back to you the exquisite charm of the flower-touched night-wind and once more will linger around you the soothing breath of the misty, dim-lit garden.

Contained in attractive glass jars with patent sifter top—50c. To be had at all better shops and toilet goods departments. Complimentary sample mailed on request. Address Dept. A.

PARIS

RIGAUD

NEW YORK



LINES TO A YOUNG LADY ON PARTING

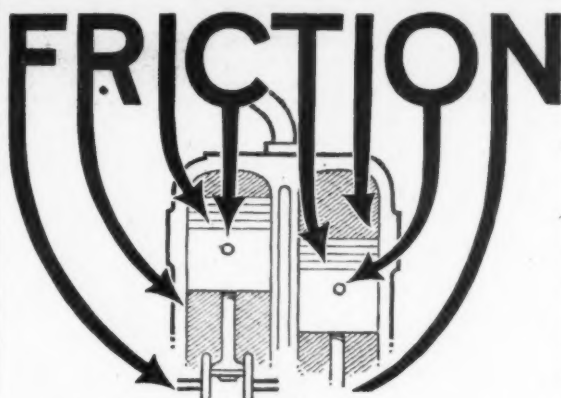
The Order of the Rose

IF I were rosetime's queen, dear,
And you were summer's king
We'd plant the ivy green here
And farthest stars would sing.
Wherever hearts are brave and strong
And life's deep purple flows
We'd institute with sword and song
The Order of the Rose.

We'd find the lonely singer, mute,
The bruised heart denied
The empty hands and silent lute
Where want and tears abide.
We'd point out where our kingdom
lies,
Over the hills of care,
Beyond the seas, across the skies,
And make them welcome there.

We'd place the prizes in their hands
They sought so long to gain
We'd lead them to the vanished lands
Where love is lord of pain.
Away where lilies drift, dear,
And happy sea wind blows,
Upon their breasts our gift, dear,
The Order of the Rose.

A symbol of the legend old,
When brown eyes burn in blue,
The magic that's not bought with gold,
The fire, the song, the dew!
Flame-bloom of earth—the perfect
tune,
The dream that poets sing—
If I were only queen of June
And you were summer's king!
Kate Masterson.



The Destroyer of Steel

Like the weight of an extra passenger, friction always rides with you.

It drags at your bearings. It robs you of power. It wears down metal. There are several thousand piston-strokes in a cylinder for each mile the car runs.

As friction can never be entirely overcome, it is imperative then that you use the best possible friction reducing oil for your motor.

Unless the body of your oil is adapted to your motor and feed system, it will not properly distribute between the moving parts.

That is certain.

And, unless its quality or lubricating efficiency is of the highest, it too quickly "wears out" under the constant rubbing between the moving metal surfaces.

At the right we print a scientific Chart of Automobile Recommendations. This Chart for a number of years has been the motorist's standard guide to correct lubrication.

The body of the oil specified for your car in this Chart enables it to feed in correct quantities to every friction point.

After it reaches these friction points, its quality assures a constant and proper oil cushion.

That oil cushion is your only insurance against premature motor wear.

It is your only safeguard against the noisy complaints of worn-down metal parts.

If you want to make certain of this protection, note down the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. Then ask for that grade and see that you get it.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart at the right, send for the complete Chart which embraces 585 makes of car.



Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline, motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C".

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

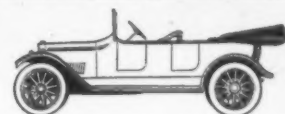
Domestic Branches:

Detroit
Boston

New York
Chicago

Philadelphia
Indianapolis

Minneapolis
Pittsburgh



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Alco (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Autocar (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Avery	A	E	A	A	A
" (Model C) 8 Tor	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	E	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chas (air)	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)	B	B	B	B	B
Chevrolet six	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Columbia	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Dunham	A	A	A	A	A
Dunham-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B
Detroit	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
E. F. P.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Ford	B	A	B	A	B
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Garford Com'l	A	Arc	Arc	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (Model 20)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
I. H. C. (air)	A	A	A	A	A
" (water)	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	B	B
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Keely Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
King	A	E	A	E	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A
Kiesel Kar.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (Model 48)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Kline Kar.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Knott	B	B	B	B	B
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	E	A	E	A
Mack	A	E	A	E	A
" (Model S)	A	A	A	A	A
Marmont	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Meritor	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (22-20 Series)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Mets	B	Arc	A	Arc	A
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Moon (4 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Page	A	Arc	E	A	A
" (6 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Rambler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Regal	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
S. G. W.	B	Arc	B	Arc	B
Swan	A	E	A	E	A
Selden	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A
" (Light 4)	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Valve (6 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (6 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willis Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Utility	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Poser

He was a member of a regimental band, and he did not forget to brag about it.

"Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight," he was saying.

"Indeed!" said the unbelieving listener. "I should like to hear you play the airs the drum-major puts on."

—Tit-Bits.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE late Justice Brewer was with a party of New York friends on a fishing trip in the Adirondacks, and around the campfire one evening the talk naturally ran on big fish. When it came his turn the jurist began, uncertain as to how he was going to come out: "We were fishing one time on the Grand Banks for—er—for—"

"Whales," somebody suggested.

"No," said the justice, "we were baiting with whales."—Argonaut.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

CAMP RED CLOUD

Silver Lake Susq. Co. Pa.
Young Boys. All Sports. Exceptional Advantages. Counselors every three boys insures safety: King, Virginia; Marting, Yale; Hart, Hobart; Drummond, Hobart; Meixell, Yale; Rich, Harvard; Cobb, Yale; Powell, Hobart, and others. Doctor, trained-nurse. Story-tellers round Camp-fire. Explorers, travelers, writers. Original forests. 2 mountain lakes. Altitude 1800 ft. Gentleman's estate. 50 registered Jersey cattle, 3000 chickens, vegetable gardens. Facilities for thorough mental training. Entries now. References. Number limited. Booklet, 41 pictures.
Rev. J. TOWNSEND RUSSELL
Silver Lake, Susquehanna Co., Pa.



It is the liberal minded man of moderate habit to whom this country owes its greatest debt.

And so it is the moderate man whom we are proudest to have as a customer for a remarkably mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N.Y. That's All!

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Ulmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

Smarquros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



No Importations Allowed

The German ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, said at a luncheon at Jacob H. Schiff's cottage at Seabright: "To blame Germany for this war shows an ignorance of *welt politik* as excessive as the broker's ignorance of art. A banker said to a broker: 'I want you to come and spend the week-end with me in the country. I want to show you a Murillo, a Bouguereau, and a Tintoretto that I bought last week.' 'Why, man, what a fool you are,' said the broker, 'to buy foreign cars in war time! Don't you know you'll never be able to get new parts?'"—Argonaut.

The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. You need the best guide in existence and that undoubtedly you will find every month in the

Educational Directory of Harper's Magazine

for it is in Harper's Magazine that you find the announcements of more private and preparatory schools and colleges than in any other publication—the widest, the best, and the most dependable selection.

Would you not like to have your own child go to school with children whose parents read Harper's Magazine?

Hopeless

"You say you have no references as a cook. How is that?"

"Well, you see, mum, I've always stayed in wan place until the people died."—Boston Transcript.

COOLING SUMMER BEVERAGES
Bacardi Riskey—Cocktail—Highball

"DARLING, I think of you every moment in the day."

"Law sakes, Tom, give some attention to your work or you'll get fired."

—Baltimore American.

Valuable Information

"NOW, gentlemen," said Dr. O. B. Crewell, Professor of Agony at Horror College, "I trust you appreciate the great value of the experiments we have been undertaking. All this information will be of great benefit to you in doctoring the human race. Let me recall a few of the most interesting cases.

"You will remember that wonderful experiment in which we succeeded in making a dog's heart beat two or three times after it was removed. You never can tell when you will have a patient who would like to have his heart beat after he is dead. You will be able to accommodate him and charge a larger fee for your services.

"Then, of course, we have learned that it is extremely painful to dogs and cats and monkeys and guinea pigs to be cut up alive. This is very valuable information and could only have been acquired by the ingenious torture of sensitive animals.

"We have learned that if a dog or cat or other living animal be mutilated and then sent back to the kennels and its wounds neglected, it will suffer excruciating misery, waste away and finally die. The great benefit of this information to the human race is incalculable.

"I do not wish to indulge in idle boasting, but so many misstatements have been made by sentimental antivivisectionists that it is necessary for us to defend this humane science. So I say, if it weren't for vivisection, how

This size
TRIAL
BOTTLE
sent free

Dioxogen
M. O. L.

Your home should never be without Dioxogen. It is the first protection against infectious disease. Dioxogen is not ordinary peroxide. It is 99-961/1000 per cent. pure—entirely free from acetanilid, the bitter, questionable preservative which other peroxides require. It is stronger, too. That you may know what Dioxogen is, we will gladly send you this trial size bottle, on request. Write today.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York



Handsome is as handsome does

The beauty of Ajax Tires is the prodigality of their achievement—the miles you get for the price you pay. Ajax Tires are not only better, give more miles and are thus cheaper to use, but their good qualities are *guaranteed in writing* for 5000 miles.

No other tires have the same high mileage expectancy; no others are guaranteed in writing. The success of Ajax Tires in your service is insured. The quality of every Ajax Tire ever made has been *guaranteed in writing*. Ajax quality is thus not of recent discovery or origin, but dates back 10 years and has continued because of our steadfast determination for higher worth. Ajax Tires are better, and are entitled to a full confidence because we have built *more mileage* into Ajax Tires and *guarantee* that it is there.

For Your Protection

Beyond the ordinary provisions of a commercial guarantee covering materials and workmanship is protection for your tire investment in the Ajax *written guarantee* of 5000 miles.

**AJAX
TIRES**
Guaranteed
in writing
**5000
MILES**
"While others are claiming
Quality we are guaranteeing it."

Act On Your Impulse

If your impulse is to try Ajax Tires and thus know for yourself of their better worth and bigger value, decide today to equip your car with Ajax Tires. There is an Ajax dealer nearby to serve you.

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.

1796-1798 Broadway, New York

BRANCHES: Atlanta, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, San Francisco
Factories: Trenton, N. J.

could we know that injuries are painful, that animals can not live without their vital organs, that severed arteries will bleed, that animals, if deprived of food and water, will starve, that impurities in the blood will make the blood impure, et cetera?

"Young gentlemen, you have been the beneficiaries of a rare privilege. I hope you will go forth in the world and make good use of the information you have acquired."

Ellis O. Jones.



The Pug:

"I'm gonna stick around!"

"Watchful Waiting: or Between the Fire-tipped Hornet and the Deep Blue Sea." You will double up with glee over this typically American picture. Our cut shows only a portion of the beautifully colored print, 9x8 in., on an art mount, 11x14 in., sent prepaid for 25c. to introduce our new 32-page catalog of Pictures for the Den. "All winners!" Catalog alone 10c.

CELEBRITY ART CO.
28 Columbus Ave.
BOSTON, MASS.

ARCADIA MIXTURE



Smoking Tobacco

Made since 1861 from 7 kinds of tobaccos, from 7 different parts of the world—the best of each kind.

1/4 pound, new airtight Export Package

50c

Smaller sizes, 15c and 25c
8 and 16 oz tins, \$1.00 and \$2.00

You'll never know how good tobacco can be made until you smoke Arcadia.

Write to us enclosing three two-cent stamps for trial package

The Standard Tobacco Company
New York Office 1600 Broadway

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne

Under the above heading the *Detroit Free Press*, among other things, says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide.

"The Government's foot powder order is regarded as the last word in the scientific outfitting of the defenders of the flag."

The English, French and Allied Troops constantly make use of Allen's Foot-Ease. It takes the friction from the shoe and rests the feet. This foot powder, shaken into the shoes of soldiers, has long been in use in the German army, and Uncle Sam's adoption of this form of treating and easing the feet, emphasizes the testimony of the millions of people the world over, who are shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, into their shoes, and using it in the foot bath, as the only practical and lasting treatment for easing and absolutely preventing sore feet. Sold by Drug and Department stores everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Nail Which Doesn't Fail

but holds a horse's shoe under great strain. Sudden twists, pulls or hard knocks are not too much for "Capewell" nails.



Best in the world at a fair price—not cheapest regardless of quality. Your horses ought to be shod with them. It pays.

A glance at the TradeMark on the nail head tells the brand.

Merciful Marconi

WILLIAM MARCONI has just administered a stinging rebuke to his Maker by refusing to divulge the secret of a device which enables one to look straight through a stone wall and see who is on the other side. "It is asserted he fears the apparatus would be put to evil uses." And, of course, it would be.

It is clear that if God had possessed human intelligence and consideration our world would never have been created. Consider the wretchedness caused by the invention of Adam and Eve! Behold the woe that surrounds the alarm clock, the devilry that goes on over the telephone and the people who have been squeezed by falling elevators! Franklin, Stevenson, Fulton, Morse, Bell, Edison, Steinmetz and Irving Berlin have all displayed a God-like disregard of consequences in launching their devilish contrivances.

But not Marconi. The inspired Italian is more merciful, Heaven be praised! Fancy the hurricane of utter wreck, riot and ruin that would ensue if he should loose in the world a contraption to render transparent the skulls of those whose eminence is based entirely upon what the public cannot see in them!

Arguing with an Expert

NEVER argue with an expert. It is useless. There is no way of making headway against him. Though you may know much more than he does, you can't possibly get him to admit it. His main defense lies in the possession of his own special vernacular. No expert is complete without a vernacular. Many experts have nothing more.

In arguing with an expert, he always begins by assuming: first, that you don't know what you are talking about, and, second, that if you did know what you were talking about, you couldn't talk about it intelligently, because you lacked the specific vocabulary that the subject demands. As the argument proceeds he spends so much time asking: "Just what do you mean when you use the word —?" And you spend so much time explaining your terms that you totally forget what you are arguing about. Obviously, when a man forgets what he is trying to prove, he should immediately quit trying to prove it.

NEVERBIND Boston Garter



No Rubber in Leg Band

Weights Only 1/2 an Ounce

No needless material goes into this OPEN TRIANGLE garter. COMFORT without bulk, STRENGTH without weight, and constant sock SMOOTHNESS.



George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—



YOU CAN SLEEP

after sunrise, on your sleeping porch, or camping, if you wear a B. K. B. It fits comfortably over the eyes, will not fall off, and induces as well as prolongs sleep. Sent postpaid for 25 cents. 5 for \$1.00
NIGHT MFG. CO., 6 Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.



FAMILIAR MOTTO

"DON'T WORRY—IT WON'T LAST"

What a Man Likes to Talk About

HOW tired he is.

His business success.

The other man's failure.

His idea of what Christianity *really* means.

The things he used to do in college.

The things his children are doing in college, or school, or nursery, or cradle.

His hatred of formal dinners and functions.

How it was that he was finally persuaded to learn the new dances and how much good they did him.

The superiority of his automobile.

The inferiority of his neighbor's automobile.

His contempt for the conventions.

The things he likes to eat.

His game of golf.

His game of golf.

His game of golf.

HOT WATER

Heated by gas, instantly, abundantly, cheaply—always an unlimited supply for any demand—the morning bath, shaving, washing dishes, sickness, or the laundry.

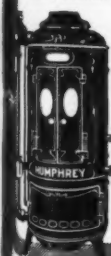
Never any delay. No bother or forethought. Positively automatic and instantaneous. Just turn a faucet and hot water pours forth when a

HUMPHREY
TRADE MARK
GUARANTEED

Automatic Gas Water Heater is in use. Used summer and winter. Heats water cheaper than anything else. Thousands in use. References everywhere. For description, write to

HUMPHREY COMPANY

Div. of Reed Mfg. Co.
Box 101 Kalamazoo, Mich.



BUNGALOW BUILDING!

Send your address; we have something interesting for you. Our Bungalows are in the climate put Los Angeles on the map.
THE BUNGALOWCRAFT CO., 507 Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Calif.



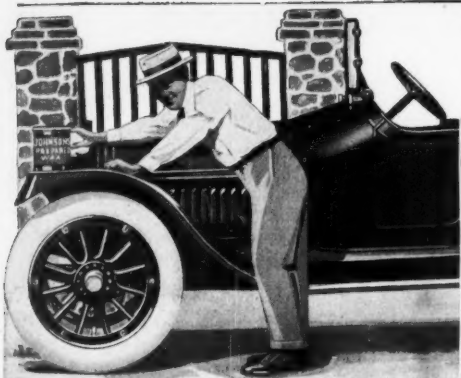
"A Human Being built like a Tree"

That's the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia according to Perceval Gibbon.

Gray of face and gray of eye, this six-foot-six Royal Leader towers physically and mentally over every one in the Russian army. He is idolized by the plain soldiers, but is considered a trifle too democratic by many of his officers.

Mr. Gibbon shows why and how he possesses such an overwhelming appeal for the Russian people. Read how he made the Grand Duke laugh, in his interesting article in the July

Everybody's
MAGAZINE



Polish Your Car With **JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX**

It cleans, polishes and finishes in one operation. It will keep the body, hood and fenders of **new cars** bright and good looking for an indefinite time—and will make **old cars** look as well as a coat of paint and varnish.

Does Not Gather Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike finish that cannot collect dust. It forms a thin, protecting film over the varnish—greatly prolonging its life. It prevents checking and cracking—covers up small scratches and

"Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back"

There are dozens of uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax—you will find it splendid as a polish for

Floors	Pianos
Linoleum	Furniture
Woodwork	Leather Goods
Desks, Golf Clubs, Gun Stocks, etc.	

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results over any finish—varnish, shellac or oil.

For 10c we will send you postpaid enough Wax for polishing an automobile, a piano, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

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A Stand-off

THE Visible and the Invisible met. "We ought to come to some arrangement," said the Visible, "as to just who and what we are, and what we are both doing. The philosophers have been exercising their combined stupidity over us long enough."

"What do they say about us?" asked the Invisible.

"To be honest, I don't quite know. Many of them praise you to the skies—say that you are the only real thing—while at the same time they declare that I am of no consequence."

"Well, consider the source," said the Invisible. "I wouldn't allow a little thing like that to disturb me."

"Well, then, what do you think of me?" asked the Invisible.

"How can I help but think well of you when I created you?"

"That's news!"

This made the Invisible smile an inscrutable smile.

"Certainly. You know it's a wise child that knows its own parent. I made you what you are."

"How?"

"Quite easily," replied the Invisible. "If your parents were alive and could be seen, you would know them, wouldn't you?"

"Why, yes. But I always supposed that I was an orphan."

"Nonsense! Well, then, if your parents are not, and never have been, visible, they must have been invisible. That's exactly where I come in. If

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it were not for me you wouldn't be here."

"Well, there's something in that!"

"There's a lot in it, I assure you. But the trouble with you has been that you are spoiled. You think that just because you are visible you are at liberty to do as you please."

"What would you advise?"

"Be humble. Always bear in mind that I made you. Without me you couldn't exist, and it is too late to change anything."

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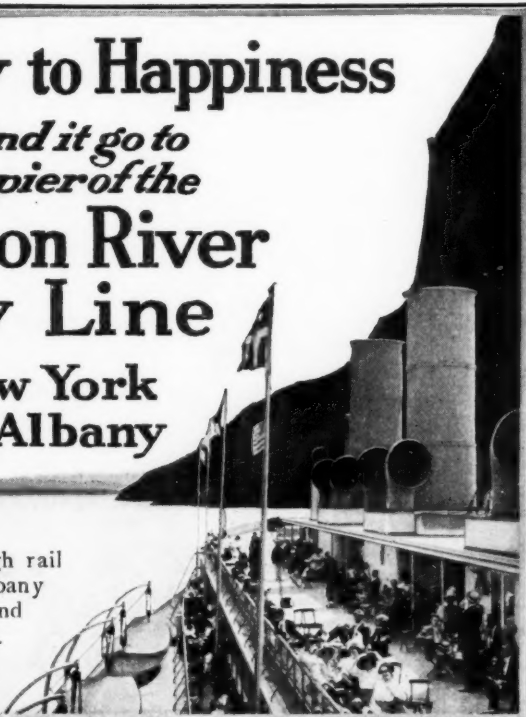
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Books Received

The Letters Which Never Reached Him, by the Baroness von Heyking. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.)

George Bernard Shaw, by John Palmer. (Century Co. 50 cents.)

Wind Bells of Summer, by Leone Scott. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston. \$1.00.)

Visions and Revisions, by John Cowper Powys. (G. Arnold Shaw, New York City.)

The Holy War Made in Germany, by Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.)

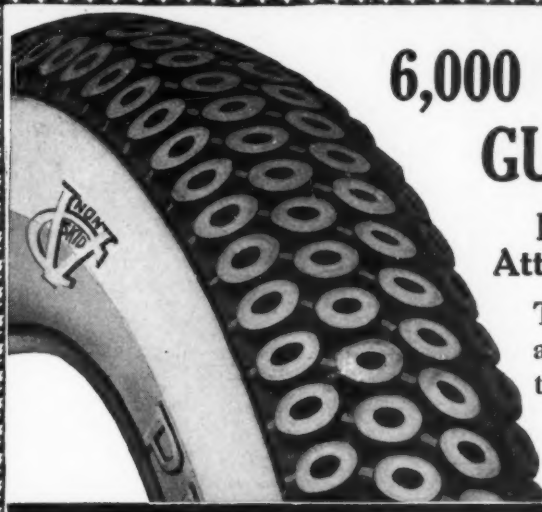
Neighbours, by Herbert Kaufman. (Geo. H. Doran Co. 75 cents.)

The War Book of the German General Staff. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.00.)

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Historical Backgrounds of the Great War, by Frank J. Adkins, M.A.)

Indian Life and Indian Lore in the Land of the Head-Hunters, by Edward S. Curtis. (World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.)

The French Revolution, by F. A. M. Mignet. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; cloth, 35 cents; leather, 70 cents.)

The Subaltern, by C. R. Gleig. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; cloth, 35 cents; leather, 70 cents.)

Heimskringla, translated by Samuel Laing. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; cloth, 35 cents; leather, 70 cents.)

A Way to Prevent War, by Allan L. Benson. (Published by Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan. 50 cents.)



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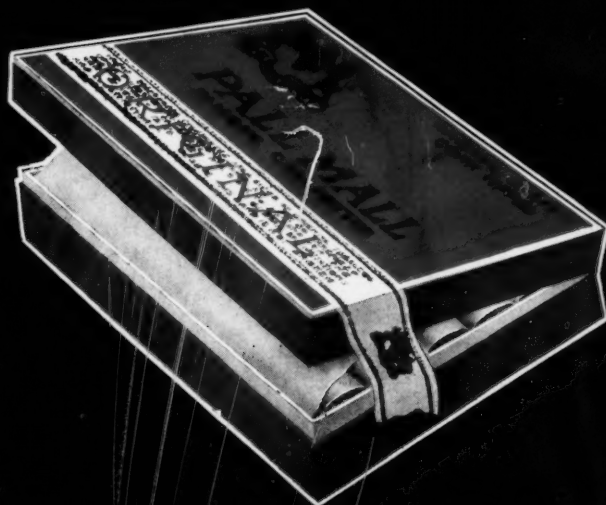
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